

The Heart of Night Wind

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A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

CHAPTER I.

Out of the Vine Maples.

Siletz sat, her knees drawn up to her chin, on the flat top of a fir stump. Beside her lay Coosnah, heavy muzzle on huge paws, his eyes as pale as the girl's were dark. They were hill-bred both. Perhaps that accounted for the delight both found in the solitude of this aerle, where they could look down toward the west on the feathery, green sea of close-packed pine and fir, of spruce and hemlock—and toward the east on the narrow strip of tide-water slough and the unpainted shacks of the lumber camp huddled above its railway. It was the magnificent timber country of the great Northwest.

Siletz was wondering, as she always did, how far the mountains ran to the south, how far it was to that "Frison" of which she had heard so much from the tramp loggers who came and went with the seasons, their "turkeys" on their backs and the joyous liberty of the irresponsible forever tugging at their eccentric souls.

Over the facing ridge she knew that the cold Pacific roared and coaxed on the ships, to play with them in the hell of Vancouver coast. She could hear it sometimes when the pines were still; yet she had never seen it.

She had pictures of it in her mind, many pictures. She knew well how it would look when she should see it—a gray floor, a world of it, shot through with the reds and purples of a tardy sun. Of the cities she had no clear pictures. They were artificial, man-made, therefore alien to her, who knew only nature, though she had listened intently to roamers from every corner of the globe; for Dally's lumber camp had seen a queer lot.

It all resolved itself into these dreams when she sat on the edge of a fir stump, or, better yet, in the exalted cloud-high airiness of the very apex of the Hog Back.

There had been no sun, neither today nor for many days; and yet there was as surely prescience of approaching night as if shadows forewarned Siletz had hoped for a break, one of those short pageants when the sun should shoot for a moment into the gloom, transfiguring the world. Now, as she scanned the west, the dog suddenly rose from beside her, peering down with his huge head thrust forward, his pendulous ears swaying. A hundred feet below in a tangle of vine maple something was laboring. Presently the slim trees parted and out of their tangle struggled a horse, a magnificent black beast with flaring nostrils and full, excited eyes. After every few steps it turned its head to right or left with the instinct of the mountain breed to zigzag, and as often the man in the saddle pulled it sharply back.

With the first sight of the intruder the girl on the high stump had sprung up, leaning forward, a growing excitement in her face. It was the horse that caused it. Something was stirring within her all suddenly and her heart beat hard. She gripped her braids tight in both hands and swallowed.

"Blunderer," she said aloud. "Oh, the blunderer!"

Then she cupped her hands at her lips and called down: "Let him alone! He knows how to climb! Let him alone!"

The man looked up startled, and tightened his grip on the reins. The gallant animal went down upon its side, rolling completely over, to lodge feet downward, against a stone. The man swung sidewise out of the saddle, saying himself with a splendid quickness. Before he could gather himself for action the girl tore down upon him.

"What have you done?" she cried wildly, "what have you done to it?"

She dropped on her knees and her hands went fluttering over the black head in a very passion of pity, touching the white star on the forehead, smoothing the quivering nostrils.

"Why didn't you let him climb his own way? He knew—he's a bunch-grasser. Nothing could go straight up!"

She raised her eyes to him and he saw they were burning behind a film of tears. He saw also what gave him a strange feeling of shock—a faint, blue tracery extending from the left corner of her lips downward nearly to the point of the chin, a sharply broken fragment of a tattooed design. Her eyes were very dark and her hair, parted after the first fashion of woman, was straight and very dark also.

To the accusing words irritated him. "You're right," he said coldly, "nothing could—in such a country. Stand back, please."

Siletz looked up at him and instinctively rose to her feet, though her slim body was alert with an unconscious readiness for prevention of something.

But the man only stepped to the black's head, tightened the rein a bit and clucked encouragingly.

"Come up," he said sharply, "up, boy!"

The horse stretched its head forward, arched its neck, gathered its

feet and lurched mightily upward, finding difficulty and floundering a little by reason of the stone which he saved it from rolling down the mountain. It placed its feet gingerly, bracing against the declivity, shook itself vigorously, drew a good, long breath and turned its soft nose to investigate the girl. With a little gurgling cry her hands went out again to caress it, hungrily, forgetful of the man, her face alight with the joy of its escape from injury. She smiled and passed her hands along the high neck, over the shoulder, down to the knee, bending to finger with a deft swiftness the fetlock and pastern.

When she looked up again she smiled at the man frankly, her anger gone.

"He's all right, but you want to give him the rein. He knows how to go up all right. All Oregon horses can climb if you give them their time and way."

He slipped the bridle over his arm. "I'm looking for Dally's lumber camp. Can you tell me how to get there and how near I am?"

"It's right over the ridge. You'll see it from the top!"

"Thanks," he said, lifted his soft, gray hat perfunctorily and turned up the slope.

He took the ascent straight, with a certain grimness of purpose. Soon he felt a slight pull on the reins toward the left, which slackened immediately to repeat itself to the right. The black was trying to zigzag in the narrow play of the confining bridle. After an interval that tried him severely in muscle and breath the stranger reached the sharp crest of the ridge.

Below him lay the valley, the winding slough, the yellow huddle of the camp, the toy railway, with its tiny engine, the donkey whose puffing rose in a white spiral, the railways and the huge log trail winding up the other slope like a giant serpent. Even as he looked there came the staccato toots of the whistle-bob whose invisible line crept away into the hills above the cables, the engine got down to work with a volley of coughs, the spools screamed and the great steel rope lifted heavily along the trail.

Presently a long, gray shape, ghostly and sinister, came creeping over the lower ridge, gliding down the face of the hills, silent, relentless, a veritable thing of life. He leaned forward, watching it come to rest above the railway, halt a little while the antlike men darted here and there, and then roll sidewise into position against the stave.

When the small play of the woods was over, just as he started down he glanced involuntarily back along the way he had come.

The girl still stood by the boulder looking up, her face illumined by that



"Blunderer!" She Said Aloud.

light he had noticed, and he was quick enough to comprehend that it was passionate longing for the big black behind him. She had forgotten his presence. Out of the ferns had crept the mammoth mongrel. They two stood together in a subtle comradeship which struck him by its isolated sufficiency.

CHAPTER II.

An Amazing Arrival.

It was gutting time—gutting time in the coast country, which means whatever time the light fades. Presently the loggers came creeping down the trail, sturdy men in spiked boots laced to the knee, blue flannel shirts, and, for the most part, corduroys. They trooped down to the cook-shack, a long building of unpainted pine, its two side doors leading, the one into the dining room, the other sheltered by a rude porch, into the kitchen.

Inside, "Ma" Dally, a white-haired general of meals and men in their order, creaked heavily from oven to pine sink, her placid face flaming with the heat of the great steel range.

The eating room was long and nar-

ow, its pine floor innocent of covering. From end to end ran two long tables, neat in white oilcloth, with intervals of catchup bottles, pepper sauce, sugar bowls, cream pitchers and solidly built receptacles for salt and pepper. Along both edges stood an army of white earthenware plates, flanked by bone-handled knives and forks and tin spoons.

At the west, beside an open door, was a high pine desk littered with papers, a telephone hung at one side. A small table stood before a window, with a rocking chair in proximity—one of those low, old-fashioned rocking chairs that old women use, and that invariably hold a patchwork cushion with green fringe, and a white knitted tidy. That rocker was part of Dally's camp. It had followed the march of progress as the camp cut its way into the hills.

"It's my one comfort," Ma went to say, "though land knows I don't get to set in it more'n a quarter what I'd like."

As the loggers slid noisily on to the benches, their caulks giving up the mud they had held purposely for the swept floor, Siletz came and went, setting the substantial viands in the open spaces left in the expanse of white oilcloth. She exchanged a word here and there, always a sensible word, something of the work, the day, or the men themselves. She was putting a plate of cookies, sugar-sanded with currants on top, between Jim Anworthy and a black-haired Pole, when a foot struck the step at the west door. There was something in the sound that drew every head around at once. A stranger alced against the misty darkness between the jambs.

He was young, apparently about twenty-five or six, well set up, with straight shoulders above narrow hips and a poise that claimed instant attention. He removed his soft hat, holding it in his hand, while his bright, blue eyes looked impersonally over the room. Over his shoulder a pair of big dark ones peered anxiously, while a black muzzle with a small white patch nosed his elbow aside.

"John Dally!"

It was a call that demanded, not a question.

From the head of the nearest table a giant of a man, easy natured, lax featured, loose joints banded together by steel sinews, rose lumberingly.

"I'm him," he said.

The man in the door brought his eyes sharply to focus on his face, reading it with lightning rapidity.

"I'm the Dillingworth Lumber company—or most of it," he said clearly.

"And I've come to stay. Where shall I put my horse?"

There was a startled silence after these amazing words. An unexpressed ejaculation went from face to face up and down the tables. Then John Dally showed why he was the best foreman in that region. He got himself loose from the end bench and walked over to the door.

"All right, Mr.—?"

He waited easily, as if it was perfectly natural for strangers to drop from a hilltop and announce themselves the ruling power of the country or more strictly speaking one of the ruling powers, for there were two.

"Sandry," finished the other, "Walter Sandry—from New York."

"Come in, Mr. Sandry—you're just in time."

Dally turned back to the lighted room.

"Siletz, give Mr. Sandry my place. Harrison, I'll have to take your fling shed for tonight. Tomorrow we'll fix things in better shape."

The saw-filer, an important personage and one to be conciliated, frowned in his plate, but the foreman had lost sight of him. He reached out a huge hand and took the bridle-rein from the newcomer.

Already this man was standing inside the rude building, with a high headed air of force, of personality that made itself felt in the most stolid nature present. He glanced down the double line of faces and for a second, just a fractional, fleeting moment, seemed to hesitate. Then he laid his hat on the small table, walked round to Dally's empty seat, swung a leather puttee and a well-built shoe over the bench and sat down. He was in place, and a vague feeling of adjustment, of solidity, accompanied him, as if he was there, as he said, to stay. Every man in the room felt it; and one of those strange sensations of portent communicated itself to them, as when the everyday affairs of life come to a turn in the road.

Dally's was on the eve of a change. The girl was putting a thick, white plate, hot from boiling water, before him, deftly laying the simple cutlery, pushing back an intruding dish. There was an air of detachment about her. No portion of her garments touched him. She was always so, aloof in a quiet way. Now, as she tended the stranger silently, one of her long braids slipped over her shoulder and fell across his hand. He drew away from the contact sharply and a dozen pairs of eyes saw the action.

"Hell!" murmured a man at the other side in mild amazement.

But not even the importance of the arrival of the Dillingworth Lumber company could keep silent this bunch of men from the ends of the earth.

They were free lances, following wherever fancy and the lumber camps led them through the mountains and the big woods, contented in this place or moving on, bound by no rules, as in dependent and unholdable as the very birds of the air.

In three minutes the laughter was sweeping gustily again, accompanied by the solid clink of cook-shack dishes, the clatter of knives for the most part used as very adequate shovels, and Walter Sandry was forgotten or passed over.

An hour later he stood alone in the middle of a tiny room at the south of the building, looking fixedly at the yellow flame of a glass hand-lamp on a stand. Under the lamp was a woolly mat of bright red yarn, a wonderful creation—under that a thin, white scarf, beautifully clean, the ironed crosses standing out stiffly. Beside the lamp lay a pink-lipped conch shell and a Bible.

Sandry looked longest at the Bible beside the lamp and presently he took it up curiously, fingering it with a quizzical, weary smile.

Its edges were thin and frayed and he noticed that it was greatly worn.

Walter Sandry smiled and glanced at random through the book.

"Motherhood," he said half aloud, "is there nowhere a father?—a dear old chap of the earth, a gentle old man with white hair? One who has raised a son?" As if in answer to the whimsical words, the fragile leaves

of the book fluttered and he saw that it was a father's hand that had written the words.

"Sandry, Murphy," caught up Dally easily, yet with a warning note.

"Shure! Sandry, 'tis! Excuse me, Mither Sandry, but ain't th' scenery fone?"

"What I've seen, yes, Murphy," answered Sandry after a slight pause. As he turned after Dally the Irishman stuck his tongue in the corner of his lips and drummed a minute on the sill, the broad smile lessening on his reckless face.

"An phat d'ye know about thot?" he asked retrospectively of the fog. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEARN WAY TO MAKE LIVING

Good Advice for All Women Was That Tendered at Woman's Club at Pittsburgh.

A woman of wealth, but who is nevertheless identified with civic work and is a practicing lawyer, lately gave a talk before a Pittsburgh mothers club. Here is a part of what she said:

There is one question to which every woman ought to be able to answer. Yes, it is this: "Can you earn a living if you should need to do?"

If there is one lesson more than another that has been emphasized in recent years it is that the untrained suffer most when a pinch comes. Another lesson that is most sufficiently understood is that there is practical no security in fortune.

Be prepared, is advice for a woman as well as for a nation. Train your daughters, you mothers, to something that will pay a return sufficient at least for a livelihood. It can do no harm, and it may mean just the difference between happiness and misery in later life.

There is nothing more pathetic than the sight of some unfortunate woman, brought up to a competency and utterly unprepared to support herself, who has been suddenly reduced to poverty. We all know some such woman. Pottering along at things that are of no real use, at work given by pitying friends or strangers, more or less dazed by contact with a world that is foreign to her, sinking little by little to meaner surroundings and more desperate makeshifts, she at last disappears, sucked under in the maelstrom she has neither the strength nor the training to resist.

Surely you don't want to run even the faintest chance of becoming such a derelict, you don't want your daughters to run any such risk. So be prepared. Be fit for something, trained to something, ready to take hold if you must. Know at least one thing so well that people will be glad to pay you for doing it. Be able to say Yes if the world should ask you if you can return fair value for a living. It is the surest of human safeguards.

Iodine for Treating Wounds. Many inquiries reach the editor of this page on how best to apply iodine to a cut or abrasion in order to prevent it from becoming infected. One of the most convenient methods is to use a stick impregnated with iodine. These can be obtained at any drug store. They come in bunches packed twenty in a small glass tube. The tip of each stick has a head like a match, made of resublimated iodine 60 per cent, and iodide of potassium 40 per cent. This when dipped in water liberates an average 10 per cent solution which should be applied freely to the cut and left to dry.

In using iodine it is essential to remember that no wet dressing may be applied. Exposure to the air will do no harm, and the sore should be covered only when there is danger of it being irritated by coming in contact with foreign bodies and thus being torn open.

Scientists Interested in Find. At a recent scientific gathering, Professors Edgeworth, David and Wilson described a completely mineralized human skull found near Warwick, in the Darling Downs of Queensland.

Probably dates from a period when the great fossil marsupials were still living, and is earlier than any other human remains hitherto found in Australia.

It was still dark when the loggers trooped out into the fine rain. John Dally came to him.

"Now, what would you like, Mr. Sandry?" he asked. "Will you come into the hills with us, or would you rather rest around camp? You come a long ways, I guess."

"Yea, from New York."

"I was thinkin' yesterday mebby you'd rather just loaf around—"

"Yesterday? Did you expect me?" "Oh, yes. I got a letter from Mr. Frazer last week. He said the company had made a change and I might look for a visit."

"I think I'll go about," said Sandry. Outside it was fresh and slightly

cold. A thick, white fog struck him in the face with an almost palpable touch. It lay close to the earth, a sluggish monster spread down in the valleys as if for warmth. Through its enshrouding whiteness a lantern gleamed faintly across the slough.

Already the little locomotive was getting up steam and the donkey showed a red throat for an instant as McDonald shoved in more wood.

From ahead came shouts and a laugh or two as the men straggled up to the railway.

There were five cabins set around on the edge of the small, sloping mountain meadow which gave back ground for Dally's camp; and in all the windows lights were gleaming. In one cabin a door opened and a man came out, stopping a moment on the sill to reach up and kiss a woman, who stood silhouetted against the light, when the door closed and Sandry could not see the man, though he could hear his footsteps. The foreman swung ahead in the path.

"They's a foot-log here," he said. "Tidewater slough. 'Tain't deep."

They stopped at the foot of the ridge where the donkey, the railway and the track terminal huddled against the bold uplift, and Dally introduced him to Hastings and Murphy the latter of whom hung out of the window of his diminutive cab and peered at the stranger out of laughing eyes whose forbears had twinkled on Donegal's blue bay and Erin's red cheeked daughters with impartial joy.

"Ah, Mither Dillingworth," he said heartily, "an' phat d'ye t'ink av the West Coast now?"

"Sandry, Murphy," caught up Dally easily, yet with a warning note.

"Shure! Sandry, 'tis! Excuse me, Mither Sandry, but ain't th' scenery fone?"

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF

HAIR STOPS FALLING

Girls! Try This! Makes Hair Thick, Glossy, Fluffy, Beautiful—No More Itching Scalp.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Adv.

Function of the Hammer.

"Why do you knock so? Why are you always using the hammer?" "I do it to rivet attention, my boy!"

SALTS IF BACKACHY OR KIDNEYS TROUBLE YOU

Eat Less Meat If Your Kidneys Aren't Acting Right or If Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You.

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, also you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water acids and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.—Adv.

What you pay for an article is its market value; what the second-hand dealer offers you for it is its real value.

STOMACH MISERY

GAS, INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" fixes sick, sour, gassy stomachs in five minutes.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, acid, or eructations of undigested food, no dizziness, bloating, or foul breath.

Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain indigestion remedy in the whole world, and besides it is harmless.

Please for your sake, get a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any store and put your stomach right. Don't keep on being miserable—life is too short—you are not here long, so make your stay agreeable. Eat what you like and digest it; enjoy it, without dread of rebellion in the stomach.

Pape's Diapepsin belongs in your home anyway. Should one of the family eat something which doesn't agree with them, or in case of an attack of indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or stomach derangement at daytime or during the night, it is handy to give the quickest relief known. Adv.

A girl who has loved and lost boasts of her indifference for the men.

COVETED BY ALL

but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Even the worm will turn—perhaps into a butterfly.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

A bachelor says the best pet dogs come in glass cases.